

# Bard

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# Bard

= = = = =

*Cease to cherish opinions.*

Cease cherishing opinions.

Cease cherishing.

The old text

crumbles in your mouth

like a graham cracker

you ate in childhood

a pure simple taste

older than you are.

Than I am.

20 April 2012

= = = = =

I stare at myself  
as I do at shiftless workmen  
taking their sweet time  
to do something badly.  
Work is a sin, aren't I?

20 April 2012

## FIRST NOETIC HYMN

*to Nous*

Let them love me  
for what you make me sy.  
For I was Orpheus  
and you are.

There is a mind  
beyond my mind  
and all I do is shape  
what it comes

through me to become.  
Or I became.

The Greeks said *autos*,  
*allos*, self and other—  
I am (you make me be)  
the opposite of autistic,

I am allistic,  
your voice in my mouth.

all I care for  
is what you feel  
(you make me feel).

21 April 2012

## **BINOCULARS**

gaze into fairyland  
the everyday world

and we too  
are instruments

takes two of us to see  
and when we coincide

vision is.

21 April 2012

## SECOND NOETIC HYMN

### *to Doubt*

Maybe. Room for doubt  
out there but not in me.

Let me believe  
in my heart  
the words in my mouth

till they all come out  
but maybe no longer.

Sing this to the tune  
of squealing brakes or better  
sportcars laying rubber

as they accelerate.  
Fast red car soon out of human sight.

21 April 2012

= = = = =

I am the last civilian here,  
the rest are all soldiers and teachers and priests,  
doctors and admirals and brokers and cops.  
How strange it is, how sweet and free  
to walk in the woods with no authority.

21 April 2012

= = = = =

Christ did not come and suffer and die and rise  
to reinforce patriarchal authority.

21.IV.12



= = = = =

These are just worries that think me  
upset on Loki-day. There is everywhere  
a loable alternative. Live by night  
and say you've een the sun, once is enough,  
carry it with you the way a tree  
carries all day long the forest he will never see.  
Or as the old song says, I only have eyes for you.

21 April 2012

### THIRD NOETIC HYMN

*to Mnemosyne*

The unicursal pentagram  
remembers my father.

The bus comes by  
remembering Brooklyn.

Wind tosses new-leaf'd branches,  
the old sticks move again,  
the wind can find me now,  
move me. The road

is empty, remembering the back of my mind.

21 April 2012

## FOURTH NOETIC HYMN

*to Hekate*

The cry of faeces from the dark of the gut  
like bats rushing at dawn into that cave in Yucatan  
not their voices sound but the sound of their wings  
the leather multiplicities by which it moves.  
Wind makes the body dark inside, all the light  
sucked out by the world that passes.  
Therefore to the dark goddess the insides pray  
because they are invisible like Her.  
All that stuff inside waiting to come out.  
All the emptiness on both sides of the skin.  
Nobody knows us. The gods themselves  
don't know what to make of us, aren't sure  
if they created us or not. Or if we just were.  
Just are. But She knows. Therefore we pray  
to Her who wraps us in Her long sweet unknowing.

21 April 2012

## FIFTH NOETIC HYMN

*to Borea*

To the North and what's beyond  
from which all serviceable thoughts arise  
and sweep down to us on greeny shimmer  
of aurora—now you see it now you don't  
on summer nights sometimes at Blithewood,  
or on the high meadow courting suddenly  
you see the seams of the sky come open,  
we see the sky beyond the sky and know.  
They tell us the far north is mostly white,  
I would not know, but I have seen  
Baffinland and Labrador alive  
with green and blue ice that seemed  
to me no different from the northern lights  
but they hold still, as if those high  
electric hues had come to visit us and stayed.  
I say all color is from the North  
and from color all human thought is made,  
I swear to god we think the way we see.

22 April 2012

Now consecrate an image of *Borealis* formed of tiny diamond chips and hang it in your window to comfort the passing sun.

= = = = =

At a certain moment  
you learn who you trust.  
Once that happens  
you learn what trust means.

Anything he does (the one  
you trust) is relevant to you.  
Everything he does or makes  
you do has meaning.

It does not mean it will not hurt.  
It does mean everything makes sense.

22 April 2012

= = = = =

There is another doctrine here  
it is time to gather what we know

a witch can ride a pencil to the moon  
while you're still looking round the room

are there friends here / why does everybody  
look like light-armed soldiers ready for war

listen to the insects sojourning through our world  
content with our mere presences blood and hair

parasites yet but far from hating us (the way  
all the people on the boardwalk hate each other)

the fleas love us and pray for our long lives.

22 April 2012

= = = = =

You don't know what holy means  
until you see this one thing—  
a bush full of lilacs close to the road  
a car going by in rain and you smell flowers.

22 April 2012

= = = = =

So many things need me to attend.  
I assist at dawn, and carry the last  
glowing coals for sunset to the river.

My mother taught me long ago  
everything needs me, things are my fault.  
The world is a specific obligation—

if I don't do daylight, who will?

22 April 2012



= = = = =

An image  
lasts  
even if  
you can't  
see it  
it persists  
a fragrance  
in an empty  
room the mind.

22 April 2012

## CURTAIN MEMOIR

What goes on behind.

Or when the lewd  
actors peek out at  
the tame audience  
and despise their  
credulity and their  
own duplicity  
the poms of their  
pretending, the curtain  
whispers for them

*I will be another.*

Actors let the cloth  
fall close, the audience  
shivers with desire  
for what it can't see,  
can barely imagine,  
seconds pass, the cloth  
is almost quiet,

*I will be on*

*both sides of myself*

*& neither one of me*

*will be me,*

*I come between*

*between you and all*

*your desires,  
between you and  
disillusionment,  
I am the only  
real thing here,  
shining vestment  
of the hidden god.*

23 April 2012

= = = =

As if the wander  
or the warden  
duked it out  
and the door won

(door always does,  
that slim between  
keeps me from  
my love, my fear)

the glowering Nay-say  
and the footloose Go  
grow old now  
with contradiction,

all it ever wanted  
was a slender path  
between some trees,  
gleam of river not too far

and here we are.

23 April 2012

= = = = =

But it doesn't say something else  
it says this, this  
is the poster in the rain  
the half-legible aggression  
scribbled on the tile wall underground.

You know where we are.  
The light went off inside you  
so you find your way by feel,

The fur of the dark you could feel  
along your flank so you knew  
you were we naked. Now  
tell me what else you knew.

23 April 2012